

MOONLIGHT, OR MORNING?

BY CELESTE M. A. WISLAW.

Febly a light creeps in at the casement,
Doubtful if yet it shall linger or flee,
Clasping night's tender with dim interlacement,
Waking a dull, dreamy wonder in me;
Is it the moon, in the wide west delaying,
Sending faint, flickering farewells ere straying,
Or, the first rays for a new day's adorning?
Ah, drowsy night, is it moonlight or morning?

Into my heart shines a brightness uncertain—
Youth's dreams are dim, and the skies overcast
Is it a ghostly hand lifting time's curtain,
Bringing pale beams from the moon of my past?
Or a fresh joy bursting forth into sweetness,
Wakening me to a new day's completeness—
Golden beams, chasing lost silver with scorn,
Tell me, O Love, is it moonlight or morning?

Softly a light steals over my spirit,
Pressing the dusk of dreamy sorrow away;
Is some rare earth-joy returning to cheer it,
Filling my soul with a prayer for delay?
Or, a far-glimmering gleam of new glory,
Peeking the light of earth's moon-altered story—
Bays of remote bliss, in beautiful warning;
Say, watching soul, is it moonlight or morning?

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in New York.

Don't misunderstand us, gentle reader—physically speaking our young hero was as brave as Bayard, as dauntless as *Cœur de Lion*. But it was where the fair sex was concerned that Mr. Torrington became a poltroon. A gentle glance from a pair of blue eyes was enough to throw him into a cold perspiration at any time.

As one by one the companions of his boyhood and early youth vanished out of the path of bachelorhood and entered into the promised land of matrimony, Church Torrington viewed them with a not unenvious mind.

"How the mischief did they muster up courage enough to do it?" was his internal reflection.

And Harry Leslie, a wag of forty, who always had a knack of finding out everybody else's weak points, said:

"All of that set are married except Church Torrington, and he'll be a bachelor all the days of his life because he hasn't got the courage to ask any girl to have him. I don't know, though, either," he added reflectively. "Wait till leap year comes round again; there may be a chance for him then."

Nevertheless, in the face of all these obstacles, Church Torrington was in love.

Miss Violet Purple was as pretty and blooming a little lassie as ever tripped down the sunny side of Broadway under a thread-lace parasol on a June afternoon. She was very plump and rather small, with soft blue-gray eyes, eyebrows like twin arches of jet, shining chestnut hair like white velvet, just flushed with the softest pink on either dimpled cheek.

And she had a way of carrying her head piquantly on one side, spoke with the slightest possible of lips, always wore a rose in her hair, and was altogether precisely the sort of a girl a man's fancy was apt to conjure up when he thought of the possibility of a wife to cheer the gloom of his solitary home.

Violet Purple was born to be married—you couldn't think of her as an old maid any more than you could think of strawberries without cream, or a satin slipper without a dainty foot to fit it; and, whenever she thought of the probability of the catastrophe, a face like the mustached physiognomy of Mr. Church Torrington outlined itself through the misty vapors of her day-dream.

But Mr. Church was so dreadfully bashful—he wouldn't propose—and poor little Violet was nearly at her wits' end what to do in this dire perplexity. A girl of any delicacy can't very well ask a man to have her, and Violet had done everything else. She had smiled sweetly upon him, given him rose buds out of her ball bouquets, sent him embroidered cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting; and what, we ask the reader, could a girl do more?

And still, in spite of all this, Mr. Torrington persisted in keeping his love to himself. In vain Aunt Sarepta took her up stairs, and left the drawing-room free to twilight and the lovers—in vain Violet put on her prettiest dresses and curled her hair, with a special eye to Mr. Torrington's taste.

Old Mr. Purple—whose name was not a bad description of the general hue of his face—began to wonder "what in the world young Torrington meant by coming here so much and keeping better men away!" and hinted very broadly at the propriety of Violet's being more gracious to a certain banker, a friend of his, who was supposed to be especially attracted by the blue-gray eyes and the jet arched brows.

And little Violet took to crying at night on her lace-edged pillows, and Aunt Sarepta, a tall, spare, maiden lady, who had only recently come up from the country to take charge of her brother's household, scarcely knew what to do.

"Violet," quoth the aunt, "what ails you?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?"

"I don't know; about three years."

"Does he care for you, Violet?"

"I don't know, aunt," she replied, blushing and rosy.

"Do you care for him?"

"I don't know, aunt," she said, blushing still more deeply.

"Then why on earth don't he propose, and have done with it?"

"I don't know, aunt!" This time in a sort of despairing accent.

Miss Sarepta Purple set herself to untangle this Gordian knot of circumstances as she would a "snarl" in her skeins of mixed wools; and when Miss Sarepta set herself about a thing, she was generally in the habit of accomplishing it.

"I'll go and see him myself," was the result of a long day of meditation on Miss Sarepta's part; "and I won't let Violet know about it."

Mr. Church Torrington sat in his leather covered easy chair, looking out a difficult case in Estoppels when his clerk announced "a lady;" and, turning abruptly around, he encountered the gaze of Miss Sarepta Purple's spectacled orbs.

He colored scarlet as he dragged forth a chair, and stammered out some incoherent sentence or other—for was not she Violet's aunt?—the aunt of the fair damsel whom he worshiped afar off and in silence!

"Thank you," said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk—"I've come on business."

"Indeed!"

"Because," said Miss Purple, edging her chair a little nearer that of the young lawyer, "I think it's time this business was settled."

"What business?" echoed Mrs. Purple, with a belligerent toss of her head: "as if you do not know well enough what I am talking about—why getting married, to be sure!"

"Mr. Torrington grew a shade or two paler. Was it possible that this ancient maiden still contemplated the probability of matrimony? Had she then selected him for her victim? He looked at the back window—it opened on a blind alley, which led nowhere. He glanced at the door; but Miss Purple's gaunt form effectually debarred that means of egress. No—there was nothing but to sit still and face the worst that fate had in store for him.

"You see," went on Miss Sarepta, "I am not blind if I am getting into years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But still I think you ought to have spoken out like a man. I'm willing, and I don't suppose my brother will object, as you seem to be able to keep a wife!"

"You—you are very kind!" stammered Mr. Torrington.

"Is it to be yes or no—about the marriage, I mean?"

"I shall be most happy, I am sure!" fluttered our miserable hero.

"Spoken like a man! It's what I knew you meant all the time," cried Aunt Sarepta, rising to her feet, and actually depositing an oscular demonstration, meant for a kiss, on Church's forehead. "I knew I should like you!"

Church stared. This was not exactly etiquette; but the whole matter was really so strange and unprecedented that he hardly knew what to think.

"And when will you come round to brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it—for I suppose you'd like to tell them yourself? This evening?"

"Yes—yes, if you say so!"

"It's as good a time as any, I suppose. Of course you won't mention that I said anything to you about it? I'd rather it should seem unstudied."

"Naturally enough!" thought poor Church.

But he promised, with a faint smile, and parted from Miss Purple, almost shrinking from the vigorous grasp of the hand which she unhesitatingly bestowed upon him.

No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what had he committed himself?

"It serves me right," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "when I could have won the love of the sweetest little fairy the sun ever shone on. It was simply idiotic of me to allow a middle-aged termagant to take possession of me, as though I were a cooking-stove or a second-hand clock! She will marry me, and I shall be a captive for life, simply because I was too much of a noodle to save myself. Oh, dear, dear! this is a terrible scrape for a poor fellow to get into! But there is no help for it now. If I were to back out, she'd sue me for a breach of promise. If I were to go to Australia, she would follow me there as sure as fate! I'm a lost man!"

And Church Torrington proceeded straight to the mansion where dwelt the inexorable Sarepta.

And, behold! as he knocked at the door, Miss Purple herself opened the door, and mysteriously beckoned him in.

"I saw you coming," she said, in a low, eager tone. "I've been on the look-out. Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, you know."

"Relations! I should think so!" groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would a quinine powder.

Miss Sarepta patted him on the shoulder.

"Then go in," she said, nodding mysteriously toward the door beyond.

"Go in—where?" stammered our be-

wildered hero.

"Why, to Violet, to be sure!"

"To Violet! Was it Violet that you meant?"

"To be sure it was! Who did you suppose I meant—me?"

This last suggestion, hazarded as the wildest improbability by Miss Sarepta, called the guilty color up into Church's cheek.

"Miss Purple, pardon me," he said; "but I've been a stupid blockhead. Don't be angry, as you say we're going to be relations."

And he took the spinster in his arms and bestowed upon her a kiss which made its predecessor appear but the shadow and ghost of kisses—a kiss which sounded as though Mr. Church Torrington meant it.

"Do behave yourself!" cried Miss Sarepta.

"Yes, I'm going to," said Church, and he walked straight into the drawing-room, where little Violet was dreaming over an unread book of poems. She started as he entered.

"Mr. Torrington, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Church, inspired with new courage. "Violet, darling, I love you—will you consent to be my wife?"

"Are you in earnest, Church?"

"In earnest? It's what I've been waiting to say to you for the last six months, but I have not dared to venture. Come, you will not send me away without an answer. Say yes, darling."

"Yes," Violet answered, so faintly that only true love's ears could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all the great metropolis that night.

When Aunt Sarepta came in, looking very unconscious, to light the gas, Church insisted upon another kiss, greatly to that lady's discomposure.

"For you know very well, Aunt Sarepta," he said, "you set me the example."

And Aunt Sarepta did not look very angry with him.

So they were married with all due flourish of trumpets, and Violet does not know to this day how instrumental the old maiden aunt was in securing her happiness.

THE GLORY OF WEBSTER.

The longer I live and the more I study the constitution of the United States, the more I am impressed with his claim to be regarded as its defender and as the greatest of its expositors. It was not merely that he had a chief and most important influence in settling many of the specific questions of interpretation that arose during his day. It was in his relation to the paramount question of the nature of the Union, as established by the constitution, that his power was most signally exercised and his most enduring laurels were won. In this respect it may, I think, be truly said of him that there has been no statesman of our age, perhaps there has been no one in all the ages of modern civilization, whose noble intellect has more impressed itself upon the destinies of a great country than has the intellect of Daniel Webster. There have been men whose will, whose ambition, whose selfish interests, have enormously affected the fortunes of millions for good or for evil. But where has there been a man whose intellect, apart from all passion, has determined the character of a great Government in such a manner as to furnish the basis, the justifiable, legal and moral basis, of a civil war of stupendous proportions, waged for the assertion of lawful authority? This is the glory, the untarnished, the unmatched glory, of Daniel Webster, which will carry his name and fame farther down the course of the centuries than that of any other American statesman of our time.—George Ticknor.

CURIOSITIES OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

A lady in the city near which I reside has a lock of hair which is said to have belonged to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. This French Queen's head of hair was a rich and dark auburn in the morning, and gray by night. One hardly wonders that the sufferings and terror of that dark day turned the poor Queen's hair. There are other cases on record in which hair was grayed in a single day or night. The color of hair depends on a fluid at the lower end of the thread; if this be destroyed, the hair, which is a hollow tube, receives, of course, no coloring-matter.

There is one case on record in which a man's hair changed three times. One lady is still living, who, at the age of seventy, has a suit of hair without a gray strand in it. A gentleman aged 114 had the color of his hair naturally restored a short time before his death. Another, at his 110th year, had a full suit of hair return to his head. Another named Nazarelo, of Vienna, in 1774 had a full suit of hair and a complete set of second teeth. Workers in cobalt-mines have blue, and workers in copper-mines, green, hair. In some countries parents paint the children's hair vermilion. Albinos have hair nearly white and almost like threads of spun glass.

WEBSTER WAGNER, the inventor of the sleeping car, was the richest man that ever became the victim of a railroad accident.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

The remains of the mound-builders, as the vanished people who once lived on this continent have been called, are scattered over most of the States of the Central and Lower Mississippi valley, on the sources of the Allegheny, and have been observed away up along the banks of the tawny Missouri, as well as down by the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. They are most numerous in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Texas, and are found in the western part of New York, and in Michigan and Iowa. A mound, until recently, was to be seen on the plain of Cahokia, Ill., nearly opposite the city of St. Louis, Mo., that was 700 feet long, 500 feet broad, 90 feet high, and that covered more than eight acres of ground. Some of the mounds in Wisconsin and Iowa are in the shape of huge animals, and there is one near Brush creek, Adams county, Ohio, that is in the form of a serpent, and that is more than 1,000 feet long. At Marietta, Ohio, are ancient earth-works that cover an area of about three-quarters of a mile long, and half a mile broad; but the most intricate and perhaps most extensive of the works of the mound-builders are those of the Licking valley, near Newark, Ohio, extending over an area of two square miles. Many of these mounds have been found to contain skeletons, and the appearance of the bones has led some to believe that these remains point to an antiquity of 2,000 or more years. A number of these works were evidently designed as works of defense, others as burial places for the dead, and others again seem to have been constructed as temples or places of worship and sacrifice. Among the remains have also been found numerous implements and ornaments, usually composed of stone, sometimes of copper (always in its native state) and occasionally shell and bone. Curious pottery has been found, often coarse and rude, but sometimes graceful and highly ornamented. It was not believed that the mound-builders had any written language. Prof. Newberry, generalizing the views of leading scientists, remarks that, from all the facts before us, we can only say that the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic coast were once populated by a sedentary, agricultural and partially civilized race, quite different from the nomadic Indians, though possibly the progenitors of some of the Indian tribes; and that, after centuries of occupation, they disappeared, at least 1,000, and perhaps many thousand years before the advent of the Europeans. Some have maintained that the mound-builders and the mysterious people who preceded the Aztecs in Mexico were the descendants of crews from Japan, whose ships had been accidentally driven across the Pacific. Another theory has been advanced that that these people migrated from Asia; they passed from the cradle of the race over Asia to Siberia, across Behring straits, down the Pacific coast of America from Alaska to the Mississippi valley, and down to Mexico, Central America and Peru. It is noted, by those who suggest this, that in Siberia mounds have been found similar to those in the Mississippi valley.

PAY OF JUDGES.

The Supreme Court Judges in the several States are not remarkably well paid. Alabama, Florida, Kansas and Maine pay their Supreme Judges \$3,000. The other States in the Union pay as follows: Arkansas, \$3,500; California, \$6,000; Colorado, \$3,250; Connecticut, \$4,000; Delaware, \$2,500; Georgia, \$2,500; Illinois, \$5,000; Indiana, \$4,000; Iowa, \$3,000; Kentucky, \$5,000; Louisiana, \$2,000; Maryland, \$3,500; Massachusetts, Chief Justice, \$6,000; Associate Judges, \$6,000; Michigan, \$4,000; Minnesota, \$4,000; Mississippi, \$3,500; Missouri, \$4,500; Nebraska, \$2,500; Nevada, \$7,000; New Hampshire, \$2,200; New Jersey, \$5,000, the Chancellor, \$10,000; New York Chief Justice, \$9,500; Associates, \$9,000; North Carolina, \$2,500; Oregon, \$2,000; Pennsylvania, \$7,000; Rhode Island, Chief Justice, \$4,500; Associates, \$4,000; South Carolina, \$3,500; Tennessee, \$4,000; Texas, \$3,500; Vermont, \$2,500; Virginia, Chief Justice, \$5,250; Associates, \$3,000; West Virginia, \$2,250; Wisconsin, \$5,000. New Jersey and New York are the only States which give their Judges more than ordinary salaries.—Kansas City Journal.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming election. Said he: "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed; I'd do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody else know that he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.

A HARDENED WRETCH—"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railroad station, the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply; "I've been married nigh on to forty years."

"TWO OF A TRADE," ETC.

The old saying, "Two of a trade can never agree," was never more patly illustrated than by the following incident which is taken from an old book of Chronicles of a generation that has long since passed from the stage of active life:

A wholesale druggist of London, who had many customers in the country towns, and also in distant cities, during a summer's ramble chanced to find himself in a large town where were at least a dozen apothecaries who had, at various times, bought goods of him. Thinking to cement friendships, to pass a pleasant evening, and at the same time profit his own business, he resolved to make a grand feast and invite them all to partake of his hospitality. So he arranged it with his host, and issued his cards of invitation—the card to A. B. simply inviting him to the supper as an individual, and saying nothing about any others. Ten of them accepted the invitation.

The hour for the feast drew nigh, and apothecary No. 1 appeared. He was greeted cordially, and had just taken his seat when appeared apothecary No. 2; and while the genial host was welcoming him No. 1 arose and went away. But before the host could remark upon the circumstance No. 3 appeared; and while our London druggist was warmly welcoming him, No. 2 arose and departed.

What did it mean? The druggist was upon the point of inquiring of his solitary guest when No. 4 arrived. Ah! this was good. But while he smilingly embraced this arrival, No. 3 silently folded his tent and stole away! And so it was to the end. No. 5 came and left; and so on until, when No. 10 arrived and the druggist had grasped his hand, with "I am glad to see you," No. 9 incontinently departed.

However, No. 10, having none to make him afraid, remained, and the twain had rather more food and wine than they could dispose of. But they made a night of it and had a good time.

On the following day the London druggist called upon his strangely departing friends, to ascertain the cause of their strange behavior on the preceding evening, and the answer of one will answer for the answer of each and all of them; for, as he went from apothecary to apothecary, he received that same response. Thus it was:

"My dear sir," the druggist said to apothecary No. 1, greeting him in his private office, "what in the world made you leave me in the way you did last evening?"

"Sir! in the name of common decency I ask you—would you have me sit at table with such an unmitigated scoundrel as —?"

SCENT OF DOGS.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they otherwise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Prof. Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharist knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by me, to us, undetectable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble among a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden remains to him a faint memento for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharist at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for, if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects that have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road. Thus the smells which make up half the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

REFEREE IN A PRIZE-FIGHT.

An admirer of a referee in a prize-fight described him as follows: "Jack Hardy is a remarkable man. He's a little fellow—won't weigh over 125 pounds—slim-built and a perfect gentleman; nice, quiet and smooth-spoken; you'd think you was talking to a lady. He hasn't an enemy in the world; not one—he killed all of them; some sixteen or seventeen, I think. After that everybody was his friend; they had to be. Six of 'em got after him once, and he only killed six out of the lot. Why, he'd give his decision there if there was ten thousand against him."

PLEASANTRIES.

A NEAR-SIGHTED man calls his spectacles his eyedolls.

"BOYON will be Boyce," remarked a young lady of that name, as she rejected a suitor for her hand.

An old gentleman, being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat and a clean napkin."

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

A MAN sometimes forgets, before he has paid, whether he has paid or not; but after he has paid, he never forgets that he has paid. Man is naturally a liar.

THERE is no accounting for tastes on this terrestrial sphere. A Frenchman's shrug is considered of no particular importance, while a Turkish rug is regarded with admiration the world over.

I do wonder, murmured a Philadelphia woman, how us females, when we become angels, will manage without hair pins. You will have to get along with 'airy pinions then, my dear.

A PROF. GUNNING, up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, rises to remark that it is generally the Sheriff or some woman.—Hawkeye.

INDIGNANT boarding mistress—"Why, what are you there for?" Fat boy on table—"Mr. Howlett put me here. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table beside hash!"

We often hear of a woman marrying a man to reform him, but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. We men are modest, and don't talk about our good deeds much.—New York Times.

It is not strange that the Atlantic should be rather ugly occasionally, as it is so often crossed.—Commercial Bulletin. It should draw a lesson from its sister ocean, who, though often crossed, is always of a Pacific disposition.

THE best sermon in the world never yet reconciled the proud man, trying to curl his feet up and out of sight under the pew, to the painfully obtrusive and evident fact that the wife of his bosom had used his blacking brush to polish the kitchen stove.

A TIDY young lady, short of stature, married a man six feet four inches tall. She explained to her friends that he would be so handy to have in the house; he could light the chandelier in the parlor and hang pictures without getting on the chairs and soiling them with his boots.

TYNDALL'S theory that heat is simply motion in another form must be true. Strike a piece of iron and it becomes hot. Strike a man and he immediately boils over. There is, however, one exception to the rule. Strike a warm friend for a short loan and he at once becomes as cold as an iceberg.

"Oh, missus," exclaimed Bridget, as she appeared pale and trembling before her mistress at 10 p. m.; "there's somebody trying to get in the front door." "Is it a goat, Bridget?" "No, 'um." "Is it a woman?" "No, 'um." "Is it a man?" "Yes, 'um." "Good looking?" "Yes, 'um." "Well, let him come in." The courage of a true woman never fails her.

"PICKIN' UP DE STITCHES." Pickin' up de stitches, pickin' up de stitches, de Marster'll come bimely. De Great Overseer, He'll call up de chiluns, to show deir work bimely. Pickin' up de stitches, pickin' up de stitches, workin' de leng day troo, Don't yo' be, at de big or de little, whateber you fines to do. Pickin' up de stitches, pickin' up de stitches, He giba you de work ter do. Oh, pick up yo' stitches, chiluns, pick up yo' stitches. De Marster'll be here bimely. De Great Overseer'll call you up, chiluns, To 'shiti yo' work in de sky. —Negro hymn.

HARD WORK.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Excellency in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a less price."

"There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

TWO YOUNG ladies were accosted by a gypsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pal of water, which being brought they exclaimed, "We only see our own faces." "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

THE reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.